

The Evening World.

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BREAD AND ROSES.



OMAN is the mothering element in the world," writes a woman suffrage magazine in elucidation of what votes for women will mean, "and her vote will go toward helping forward the time when life's Bread, which is home, shelter and security, and the Roses of life—music, education, nature and books—shall be the heritage of every child that is born in the country in the government of which she has a voice."

Meanwhile, in awaiting the sunburst of this social millennium, the women are going ahead along various lines, not always those of the least resistance. While it cannot be truthfully asserted that they are "saying nothing," they are certainly "sawing wood." The moving pictures of a day's news show the following glimpses of feminine activity round about the world:

For the first time in Turkish history the Sultan has received a deputation of women—wearing Paris gowns, too—and promised them that he would do what he could to improve the lot of Ottoman women.

In Germany, Hungary, Finland and Denmark the women are following the lead of their British sisters in urging votes for women as evidence of good faith in the universal demand for greater democracy.

The serious riots and demonstrations in the French provinces, arising from the high prices of foodstuffs, are characterized in the despatches as a "war of women."

A French suffragette has challenged a flippant newspaper man to mortal combat. Two American matrons of alleged "high social standing" were all ready to fight a regulation duel at Dinard, when fatalities were happily averted by "the code."

Coming nearer home, we find that the first noticeable act of war under the new State law which calls for a clearing-up of highway-defacing advertising signs, was accomplished by five women who dashed through Westchester County in a large gray touring car, smashing and tearing down signs—liquor and cigar signs preferred—wherever they found them nailed to trees or fences.

In the comparatively peaceable profession of the law women are making the strides of the seven-league-booted. They are now eligible to practise in all the Federal courts, and they may be admitted to the bar in a dozen or more States, including New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maine, New Jersey, Michigan, North Carolina, Indiana, Oregon, Ohio and Washington.

There are 7,670 postmistresses in the country. One out of every twenty greenhouses is run by a woman. Two women have taxicab chauffeurs' licenses in Chicago, and two bird-women, or aviatrixes, are licensed sky-pilots in New York.

A Kansas town has a woman mayor. Six towns in Colorado have women treasurers, and one woman in that State owns a copper mine. In Texas a woman of whom it has never been said that she loved "not wisely," owns two wells—oil gushers.

In the domain of high finance, Mrs. Hetty Green and Mrs. E. H. Harriman are inspiring examples of the widows' might in the conservative management of millions.

Contrast the above array of instances with the case of the fashionable New York man milliner who has just gone into bankruptcy, and the women seem to have a good deal the better of it as successful invaders of fields supposed to belong to immemorial right to the opposite sex. It is only fair to state, however, that the man milliner went broke because one hundred and twenty-five of his best customers, who were mostly well-known society women and actresses, owed him bills which chivalry prevented him from asking them to pay.

Letters From the People

Wants to Be a Chauffeur.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Would some kind reader who is a chauffeur advise a young man of twenty-one to take up the same profession? And what are the chances, &c., in it? I think that this would interest many readers.
 SAMUEL D. C.

Ice Cream and Salt.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Your correspondent, "M. M." asks whether in freezing ice cream salt is used "to better freeze the cream or to preserve the ice and make it last longer." It does both. Salt has the peculiar property of lowering the melting point of ice, thus making it colder. And since the art of making ice cream is simply a process of equalizing the temperature of the ice and cream it follows that the colder the ice the quicker the result, and the less the amount of ice needed.
 H. D. HITCHCOCK.

A Rhythmic Riddle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 The following riddle has been submitted to me. For my part I succumb to it and in turn pass it to your readers:
 "I came unto an apple tree,
 And apples were upon it.
 I took no apples off
 And I left no apples on it."
 A. B. C.

Slow Tunnel Elevators.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Thousands of passengers are whisked across under the North River in a splendidly run car service from the Terminal Building, etc., to the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Jersey City. There the passengers are transported to the upper world of the train shed by a set of elevators that seem to me a disgrace. They would be laughable for a cheap five-story house, I think. They are grievously slow, both in starting and in speed, and are crackjack train misers. Every now and then a "full"

elevator creeps upward sixty feet or so; then stops. There is a ghastly pause, broken by comminatory profanity. Then, slowly the car descends to the bottom. The doors are opened and about half a ton of passengers are dumped out to hasten the car so it can make the trip without getting stuck midway again. Nice for train chasers to be delayed this way, eh, what? Fine service for a great corporation! Fix it, Pennsylvania.

Whitson Noble Jr.

Rag-Time Clocks.

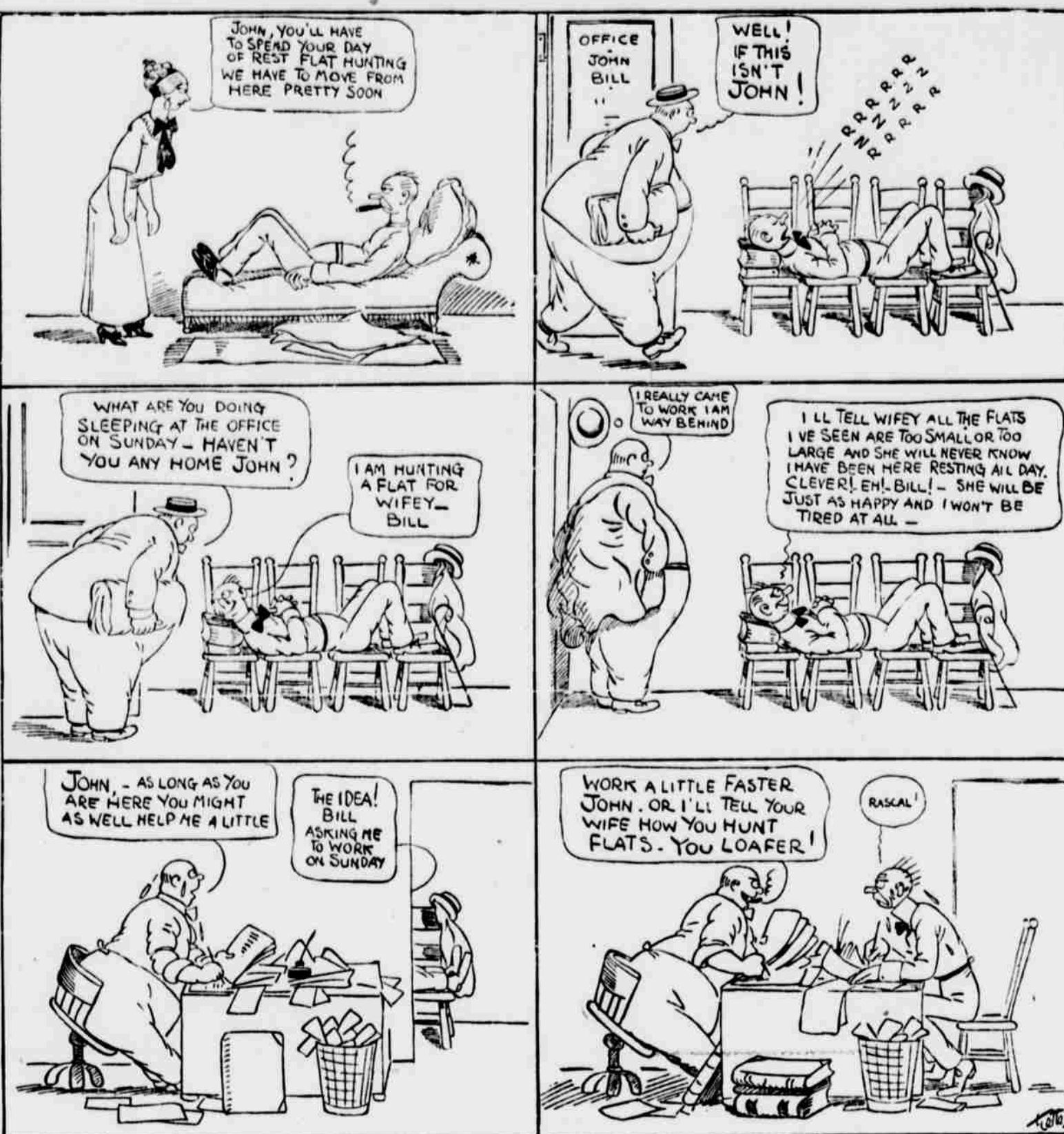
To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Out from my office I hurry, bound for South Ferry. The office clock says perhaps 5:05 P. M. I glance at the City Hall clock a minute later. It registers 5:02. (I'm making record time.) A minute later a street clock registers 5:04. And in the next five seconds I see a clock that says 5:10. (I'm losing time.) Next, the clock on St. Paul's Church registers me by registering only 5:08. A little farther down Broadway another clock tells me it is still 5:06. Our public and semi-public clocks seem set by rag-time. They always make me afraid I'll reach my destination, some day, before I start out.
 EDITH K.

"L" Transfers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In reply to Daily Communicator about "L" transfers, I wish to say a person taking a Ninth Avenue "L" train can go to South Ferry and go around the platform until he gets on the east side of the station and can there take a Second or Third Avenue train. A person can get off a Sixth Avenue train and do the same. A person can come downtown on a Second or Third Avenue train to South Ferry and walk around the platform until he is on the west side of the station and take a Sixth or Ninth Avenue train.
 O. W. K.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr, Through No Fault of His Own, Has Now Become a Charter Member of the "In Bad" Club

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By Roy L. McCardell.

"I've gotten a letter from Clara Mudridge," said Mrs. Jarr, "or, rather, I should say, Mrs. Jabez Smith. She's been having a glorious time in Bermuda. The place is full of young bachelors. She hates to come home, she says, but she has promised to go to 'Camp Sympathy' in the Adirondacks for September, so she'll be in on Wednesday. She says we must be sure to meet her."

"What's that she says about the"

bachelors in Bermuda?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, she's married!" "That's the reason she's having such a good time," replied Mrs. Jarr. "You remember how Jack Silver was afraid of a single girl, as though she were a scorpion? But with young and pretty married women—oh, dear me, how glib he was!"

"And do you mean to tell me that after being at Sulphur Springs the best of your young wife, Miss Mudridge, that was, went to Bermuda for a month and when she gets back to New York she is going to the Adirondacks?"

"Well, you don't suppose Clara Mudridge married that old dodo of a boss of yours and isn't going to spend his money and have a good time, do you?" asked Mrs. Jarr with some asperity.

"She might spend the money and yet have a good time with her husband."

"He should be thankful he has a handsome young wife and be proud that she wears her fine clothes and jewelry with distinction and is greatly admired wherever she goes," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, if she had married Jack Silver she would have been different all the way. She wouldn't want to, maybe," said Mrs. Jarr. "But that's always the way. Your employer was crazy to marry her at first sight and so he'll have to do as she says."

"Then there is such a thing as being an old man's slave, too," she finally said. "I guess Clara had good advice and started right with her old husband. If he ever complains that she's always on the go and that she never comes home except to get more clothes, she just shrugs her shoulders indifferently and says: 'Well, you WOULD marry me!'"

"It would have been different had she become Mrs. Jack Silver, though," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Jack Silver WOULDNT marry her. At least he didn't," said Mrs. Jarr. "Of course, now that he has lost her, he acts like a crazy man. Haves about women being shallow and unfaithful and all that sort of thing. But that reminds me, when are you going on your vacation? Clara Mudridge writes that she's wild to see us again and as soon as she comes back and we meet her, we'll all go off to Atlantic City for a few days at her expense, and her husband will think she's visiting friends in Philadelphia, and we will all have a good time together."

"We will NOT!" said Mr. Jarr decisively.

"I don't see why," ventured Mrs. Jarr. "Clara is so anxious to give us all a good treat she says that she insists on taking us all somewhere."

"Look here," said Mr. Jarr. "If you could see the way the boss glares at me, right after his eye rests on the picture of his wife on his desk, you would know I was in bad. He looks at me as though he hated me enough to present me with a ready-made pattern, plated silver loving-cup."

"He should be very nice to you," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "He met his wife through you."

"I think that's what he's so about," was the reply. "To you know, I believe he'd fire me, only he is so suspicious that he won't let me go, because he feels it's safer to have his eye on me. Say, ain't I in a nice mess? That old man believes I'm a regular Don Juan, when I'm as innocent as a lamb."

"Well, so much the better," said Mrs. Jarr complacently. "It's all the easier for Clara that he is jealous. And it doesn't matter who he's jealous of."

"I don't like it, that's all. And I've a notion to tell him the truth," said Mr. Jarr.

"If you do you will be discharged," warned Mrs. Jarr. "He'll be so mad to find out that he was wrong he'll dismiss you, and he'll be so pleased to know you're not the man he was jealous of and afraid of that he'll be sure to do it. You keep quiet, and we'll all meet Clara Wednesday."

"I'm taking my vacation next week, and if I meet any boat from Bermuda I'm going to Bermuda on it."

"But it won't sail till Saturday," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Then I'll stay away!"

"So, if you don't hear from the Jarrs for some time you'll know they've sailed for fair St. George in the beautiful Bermuda."

(To Be Continued.)

STORIES OF FAMOUS PLAYS

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNI

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No. 27. Sheridan's "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

WHEN an old bachelor marries a young wife, "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" grows a good deal. "He deserves no—the crime carries the punishment with it! It is six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable ever since!"

The poor old man was wretchedly unhappy. He had chosen a simple country girl for a wife, thinking she would be economical and meek. Instead, she squandered his money like water, chose a disreputable company, mongering set of fashionable for her intimate friends and laughed at her husband's angry protests. With her friends, the scandal-mongers, she took to pieces everybody's reputation and made light of all that her husband deemed good. There was no real harm in Lady Teazle. She was merely young and foolish and fond of gaiety. And she needed the guidance of a wiser hand than her adoring old husband's.

His marital quarrels were not all of Sir Peter's woes. His friend, Sir Oliver Surface, on going to India, had left him as a sort of guardian to two nephews, Joseph and Charles Surface. Joseph, a sanctimonious snob, who masked his hypocrisy under lofty sentiments, was Sir Peter's favorite. Sir Peter had no use for Charles, who was a goodhearted spendthrift, and who was moreover, in love with Sir Peter's pretty ward, Maria. Sir Peter's friend, however, for Maria to wed Joseph, but the girl stubbornly preferred Charles. Joseph was secretly in love with Lady Teazle and used her husband's trusting friendship for himself as a means to ungraceful ends. Affairs had reached this tangled web when Sir Oliver Surface returned from his long sojourn in India. He returned gravely to Sir Peter's praises of Joseph and his denunciation of Charles; then set out, disguised, to find for himself what sort of fellows his nephews really were. Sir Oliver first called on Charles, introducing himself as a money lender who had come in response to the young man's request for a loan. Charles told him the whole gallery of ancestral portraits, holding out only the picture of Sir Oliver himself, refusing high offers for it, and declaring:

"The old fellow has been very good to me and I'll keep his picture while I have a room to put it in!"

This tickled Sir Oliver immensely and more than overbalanced Sir Peter's abuse of Charles. Next, in the guise of a poor relative, he called on Joseph, and begged for assistance. Joseph showed him with noble sentiments, but told him that Sir Oliver was an elderly about sending home money from India that he could not spare a penny for charity.

Lady Teazle called at Joseph's rooms to complain of Sir Peter's jealousy, and to ask advice. Joseph urged her to give the old man real cause for jealousy, and broke his protestations of love for her. In the midst of his avowal, Sir Peter was announced. Lady Teazle, panic-stricken lest her husband should see her, hid behind a screen. Sir Peter had come to tell Joseph of a decision he had just made. He had resolved to settle \$4,000 a year on Lady Teazle during his own lifetime and to bequeath her his whole fortune. Her husband's evident love for her and his desire to make her happy came as a revelation to Lady Teazle as she crouched in his hiding place and listened. As they were talking Sir Peter learned that someone was behind the screen. Joseph told him it was a little French milliner. Just then Charles came in. As a joke, Sir Peter told him about the "milliner."

"Let's have a peep at the little milliner," cried Charles.

Before he could be stopped he had knocked over the screen. There stood Lady Teazle. Joseph tried to explain the situation by a tissue of lies.

Lady Teazle, however, told her husband the truth, fearlessly, with no palliation of her own conduct; and confessed the shame she felt at having so misjudged Sir Peter in the past.

All fashionable London buzzed with rumors of the scene at Joseph's rooms. It was even believed Joseph and Sir Peter had fought a duel over it. But when the gossip came to Lady Teazle for further particulars she refused to see them. Thoroughly ashamed of herself and distrustful with her chosen friends, she now sought only to win back her husband's love and trust. And Sir Peter, realizing that her repentance was sincere, freely forgave her.

Sir Oliver, in his true character, introduced himself at last to Joseph and Charles. Joseph for once could find no high-toned sentiments to sustain him in his downfall. Charles was forgiven for his gay misdeeds; and with Maria's love for his guide, began life afresh.

Behind the Screen.

An Old Man's Young Wife.

Work a Little Faster John - Or I'll Tell Your Wife How You Hunt Flats - You Loaf!

Rascal!

What are you doing sleeping at the office on Sunday - haven't you any home John?

I am hunting a flat for wifey - Bill.

John, you'll have to sleep a day of rest flat-outing we have to move from here pretty soon.

Well! If this isn't John!

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